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Miscellaneous.

A VALENTINE.

I know this heart no longer mine
By many an unerring sign,—
The blood that mantles o'er my cheek
When others of you chance to speak,
The quickening pulse, the sudden start
That sends the life-blood to my heart,
And thrills my inmost soul whene'ver
Your footstep or your voice I hear;
And vanishes, when at your side,
My boasted strength, my stoic pride.

Time cannot from my heart erase
The impress of your lovely face,
And stern indeed is the decree
That bids me not to think of thee;—
As mariners regard the star
That beams upon them from afar,
And with its clear and brilliant light
Shows them to guide their bark aright,
And designates their proper way,
When, compass lost, they 've gone astray.—
Or as idolaters the sun,
To be adored, but not be won,
So must I ever think of you,
As pure, as heavenly, and as true;
And though I would that I might claim
To call you by a dearer name
Than that of Friend, which seems too cold,
But Fate, that cannot be controlled,
Forbids, I'll make it my endeavor
To earn and bear that name for ever.

I trust you never will regret,
From act of mine, that we have met—
No word of mine shall wound your ear,
No love be breathed you should not hear;—
A hand, not mine, must guide your way
As o'er life's tangled paths you stray—
A voice, not mine, must still be there
To soothe in sorrow and in care;
And though his heart responds to thine,
It cannot prize you more than mine. DEA.

From the Morning Star.

The Temptation.

William Carter arose from a fitful and easy slumber. The night had been cold and windy, such a night as December usually brings among the hills of New Hampshire. William's bed was hard, and the cold wind found its way through many a crack and crevice in his ruinous cottage, but he might have slept, if his mind had been at ease. His wife was a delicate woman, toil and exposure had brought on a lingering illness, and she lay all night moaning with pain, and shivering with the cold.

William arose, I said, and, having kindled a fire, went forth into the open air. The clouds were black and heavy, and the wind swept in gusts through the naked trees. Away in the distance, the tops of the mountains were already white with snow. He had engaged a day's work on a neighboring farm, but it was useless to go—the farmer would not work that day; so he turned with a heavy step, and entered his cheerless dwelling. The children were soon stirring, and the pale suffering mother rose from her restless couch to prepare the morning meal. A few potatoes were boiled for the father and children, and a cup of gruel prepared for herself.

William Carter and his wife had seen better days; but sickness and misfortune, the fraud of some, and the cruelty of others, had driven them forth from their pleasant home, which he had spent the strength of his early manhood to purchase, and forced them to take shelter in their present miserable abode. They were Christians, and had hitherto borne up under the crushing weight of their afflictions with a meek and quiet spirit. Looking forward to that bright hereafter, they had suffered patiently, knowing that these afflictions are but for a moment, and the glory which shall be revealed eternal.

It had long been William Carter's practice to assemble his family in the morning, to hear the blessed truths of inspiration, and to bow before the mercy seat of Heaven. That morning, the children seated themselves as usual, and Mrs Carter brought forth the Bible and laid it before her husband. Moving it away, he said,

'I cannot read or pray. I have no faith, and what is not faith is sin; and, rising, he seated himself at the table. The children looked up with astonishment.

'What is the matter, father?' said little Alice, pressing closely to his chair. 'Why don't you ask God for our daily bread?'

A tear stole silently down the mother's cheek, as she took her place with her family around the scanty board.

'Why can't we have some bread and butter,' said little James, a child six years old, pushing away the potato which was offered him. 'We used to have bread and pies, and I don't want potatoes all the time.'

An expression of agony passed over the father's face. A torrent of bitter feelings was rushing through his heart—murmurings against Providence—repining at his lot—unbelief in God.

'Why should my children want for bread, while others have enough and to spare?' he exclaimed. 'Have I not labored honestly? but where is the blessing which God has promised to them that trust in him? The man who, by extortion and violence, has taken away our rights, lives in plenty and ease, while I and mine must pine with hunger and cold.'

'Do not arraign the justice and the wisdom of God,' said Mrs. Carter, wiping away her tears and looking tenderly on her husband. 'Our Heavenly Father will not suffer us to be tempted or afflicted beyond what we are able to bear.'

'Bear! I would bear any thing but this. I can bear toil, humiliation and want myself; but I cannot see my children pine for bread, and you shivering in this miserable hovel!—your sufferings will drive me mad.'

The wife arose from her place, and, approaching her husband, she threw her arm around his neck, and pressed her lips to his burning brow.

'William,' she said, 'turn not away from the promises of God—seal not up the only fountain of consolation which remains to us. While we have a home and a meal as good as this, let us not be unthankful. Our master had not where to lay his head.'

'It is the memory of my wrongs—of your wrongs, rather—for myself I do not care—which is cankering my heart and maddening my brain. If there is a God, why does he suffer the rich to oppress the poor, and the strong to crush the weak? I sometimes feel like taking justice into my own hands and with my own arm avenging my cause.'

'Let me not see you thus, my husband.—Throw not away faith, with its memory of past blessings, and its hopes for the future. We have received good at the hand of the Lord—many times has he made our cup to overflow; and shall we murmur and blindly accuse His justice, if He suffer the tempest to beat upon our heads? Oh! beware that evil thoughts spring not up in your heart. Sin will bring sorrows less bearable than those of poverty.—Think not so bitterly of our wrongs. Vengeance is the Lord's, and he will repay. Let us, like our Divine Teacher, who suffered wrongs infinitely greater than ours, forgive and pity our enemies.'

'I have tried hard to learn that lesson before, and I thought, when no trials were upon me, that I had succeeded. I know it must be wrong—this angry and revengeful spirit—and I have tried at times to stifle it in my heart, but it will not die. It lingers here, poisoning and polluting all within me. I have tried to pray, but it has risen up like a black cloud, hiding the face of my Heavenly father, and I have felt as if deserted by God and man.'

'God sometimes hides his face and suffers us to walk in our own strength, that we may know how weak we are, and feel the corruptions of our hearts. But he is touched with a feeling of our infirmities; therefore, let us seek earnestly for his presence, and for grace in time of need.'

William burst into tears. His poverty and his wrongs were all forgotten, in the memory of his sinful anger and murmurings. The spirit of other days was returning—the divine was triumphing over the human; and they bowed down before God, with the loving confidence of little children, casting all their cares on his mighty arm, and committing the future to his wise direction. That humble cottage was a holy place, sanctified by the presence of the King of Kings; and they rose up with peace and resignation in their hearts.

A storm was evidently coming on. Already the snow began to fall, but there was not wood enough at the door to last two days, and William must go to his neighbor and get permission to cut a few trees, or at least to pick up the limbs that were lying about. He buttoned up his coat and went out. He could not forget the home of other days, and the shed full of wood, all dry and ready for the fire, which he had been forced to leave; but he brushed away a tear that dimmed his sight, and pressed on through the storm, which every minute increased in violence. Already a thin, white drapery—purer and whiter than a maiden's bridal robes—lay over the rough and frozen bosom of the earth, twisted here and there, 'by the breezy fingers, of the wind,' into graceful knots and wreaths. He stepped on something which moved beneath his foot, and looking down he saw a large pocket-book, half covered with the snow. A sudden flash of joy darted through his heart.—Seizing it he turned his face from the wind to examine the contents. There was a roll of bank bills, and he carefully unrolled and counted them—tens—twenties—fifties—in all, five hundred. His first impulse was to secure the money and throw the pocket-book away. He saw nothing clearly but the money before him—he thought of nothing but the blessings which it would bring to his poor family. Was it not his own?—he had found it—had not Heaven sent it in mercy as a relief to his wants?—an answer to his prayers? How much good this money would do! Bread and shelter for his wife—his patient, uncomplaining wife—and for his little one, whose cheeks were growing pale with want—whose merry smile was changed to anxious looks of care. Thus he reasoned, but conscience whispered 'beware!—suffer not the love of gold to make a plague spot on thy heart! This money is not thine, and Satan may have permitted it as a snare to thy soul—God may have permitted it as a trial of thy faith.

But perhaps, he thought, I cannot find the owner, then will it be mine—honestly mine; and with the hope that it might contain no evidence of ownership, he commenced examining the pocket-book again. Mortal, condemn him not too heartily for this wish—sit not in hasty judgment on the heart of thy erring brother.—Thus tempted, perhaps thy own had been no better. But the examination left no room to doubt. There was the owner's name, fully inscribed—the name of a rich merchant with whom in days past, William had been acquainted. What a death blow was this to his wild hopes! The vision of comforts, which had blessed him for a moment, as if in mockery was snatched away, and he saw again the miserable hut, the pale wife and hungry children. Dashing the pocket-book to the ground, he stood for a moment gazing on it.

'Tempter! deceiver!' he exclaimed, 'why am I thus mocked and tantilized;' and then as if a sudden thought had struck him, he picked it up and stepped into a thicket, which afforded a partial shelter from the storm, and seated himself on a fallen tree. The elements were in commotion, but there was a fiercer conflict in his bosom. The love of gold, not for his own sake, but for the sake of the good that it might bring to him and his, was contending with long established principles of justice and rectitude.

'This man is rich,' the tempter whispered, 'he will never miss this sum, nor know the want of it; and oh! the good it would do thy shivering wife and babes! It is a God-send, and wilt thou put away the proffered cup of blessings?'

'It is not thine! it is not thine!' said conscience. 'Stain not thy hands with dishonest gains. Bring not upon thy soul the curse of an offended God. Better that thy children perish before thy eyes, than that their father be a robber.'

He sat there for more than an hour, the rushing wind and the falling snow all unheeded, but when he rose up, the conflict was passed, and the expression of his face, though sad, was peaceful and resigned.

Remembering the purpose for which he started, he turned his face to his neighbor's house, where he obtained a small load of wood, and a team to haul it home.

That night, after the children were in bed, William produced the pocket-book, unrolled the bank bills before his astonished wife, and told her how he found it, half hid beneath the snow.

'What shall you do with it?' she said.

'What shall I do with it?' was the reply.

'Return it to the owner. We can bear toil and poverty, but not the reproaches of a guilty conscience.'

'I knew it would be thus. When the dark tempter was on me, and the evil in my heart seemed ready to triumph, I knew that you would not fail to see clearly, and approve the right.'

'But William, how will you get it to him, you have no horse, you have no money, and it will not do to risk it in a letter.'

'I have thought of that,' said William, rising and going to the window. 'The storm is over, and to-morrow I must go on foot, and carry this money to Mr. Carlton. It is but fifteen miles; I will start early and perhaps he will give me enough to pay my passage back in the stage.'

The next morning the Carters were stirring early, and long before sunrise William was on his way. It was hard walking through the new fallen snow, and the wind was cold and piercing; but he pressed resolutely on, and before noon reached the house of Mr. Carlton.—He ascended the marble steps, and rang the bell. A servant appeared, and in answer to his inquiry if Mr. Carlton was at home, informed him, that the gentleman was out, and that he would not be back till dinner, which would be at two.

William cast a glance at his threadbare and rusty garments. He did not wish to enter that house, where the splendor and luxury would form a striking contrast to his own comfortless home, but he was cold and weary, and would be glad of a seat anywhere by a fire, so he said to the servant, 'I have important business with Mr. Carlton, and if you please, I will come in and wait till he returns.'

The man eyed him from head to foot, and with a slight sneer on his face, which William did not fail to mark, conducted him into the kitchen. Preparations for dinner had already commenced. There was baking, boiling and roasting—such a dinner as would have tempted the appetite of an epicure. It was torture for a faint with hunger, to sit there with the delicious smell of the different dishes falling on the olfactory nerve and stimulating the demands of the stomach almost beyond endurance.

The two hours passed slowly away, but Mr. Carlton at length came in, and his visitor was summoned to the parlor. The poor man cast a bewildered and timid look around the magnificent apartment. He scarcely dared to step on the soft carpet, which gave no sound beneath his feet, and he shrunk as he caught a full length view of himself in a mirror, which extended almost from the ceiling to the floor.—Mr. Carlton motioned him to a chair, and he seated himself on the edge, fearful lest he should soil the crimson velvet cushion.

'Have you business with me sir!' said the gentleman in an impatient tone.

'Yes, sir,' said William, producing the pocket book, and handing it to him. 'I found this yesterday, and, as it bears your name I have brought it to you.'

'Ah! then you found my pocket book! I am glad to see it again.—which I never expected to do.' He carefully examined it. 'All right,' he said, 'and I'm obliged to you for returning it, for it contains valuable papers,' and carelessly placed it in his pocket.

William had no more to say. He arose, and with no further evidence of gratitude or obligation, he was suffered to depart.

'I am sorry that you did not give the poor man something, father,' said a fair girl as she seated herself on an ottoman at his feet. 'Did you notice how pale he looked, and how he almost staggered as he arose to go away?'

'Did he? no, I did not notice it. I would have given a fifty dollar bill if I had thought of it. But he is gone now.'

'But father you might send it to him. You know him, do you not? I fear that he is very poor.'

'Yes. I had some dealing with him years ago. When I built the Charlotte he had something to do with supplying the timber, and now I do remember that I heard he had lost his farm.'

'How far did he come this cold morning, to bring you that pocket book?'

'He lives in B——, he must have come fifteen or twenty miles. I ought indeed to have paid him well for it, and I will not fail to do so yet.'

Here the dinner bell interrupted the conversation, and the father and daughter proceeded to the dining-room.

Mr. Carlton was not a selfish or cold hearted man, but he was not observant of the wants and woes of others, and his good deeds must have been few, but for the gentle promptings of his daughter Mary. She, good girl, had a quick eye as well as a warm heart. Misery never passed her unnoticed, and many were the blessings which fell on her young head—many were the generous deeds performed by her father, of which he would never have thought but for her suggestions.

But while the rich man was enjoying his plentiful repast, William Carter, with a sinking heart and weary frame, turned his steps towards home. He had not tasted food since early dawn, and now full fifteen miles lay before him. He felt disappointed, indignant, grieved at the cold and indifferent manner in which his services had been received. He did not ask a reward for restoring what was not his own, but he might with justice have demanded recompense for his time and trouble. But even that was not offered him. He remembered the wastefulness of wealth, the extravagance of luxury, which he had witnessed, and something whispered, 'You were a fool. That man scarcely thanks you for returning what he would never have missed. It would have made you happy for months and years.'

Resolutely putting down the evil thoughts, he raised a silent prayer for help and resignation, and passed on his way. He grew weaker and fainter every step, and little more than half the distance was gained, when he sat down by the way utterly exhausted. He covered his face with his hands and wept, and but for the thought of his wife and children at home, would have crept aside, and laid down upon the snow to die. Fortunately a man came along with a sleigh, and he rose and asked for a ride. The stranger took him and brought him within a mile of his own door.

It was late when he reached home, and he had scarcely strength to cross the threshold, and throw himself upon his bed. His overtaxed physical system had given way, and before morning he was raving in the delirium of violent fever. Then did the poor wife feel, that the hand of the Lord was heavy upon her, but her faith failed not. As earthly hopes faded away, brighter and brighter grew the hopes of eternity; as she watched day after day by the sufferer's couch, bathing his burning brow, and soothing his wild frenzy with her loving voice, she was able to say, 'though He slay me yet will I trust in Him.' Oh blessed, sustaining power of faith and hope!—faith, not in man, but God—hope, not of earth, but Heaven. Cling to thy faith poor woman! Make thy heart strong in confidence, for God will not forsake thee! Even now he is preparing the reward. He will not break the bruised reed, nor crush the humble heart.

Did the rich man rest sweetly, as he lay down on his downy pillow? Were there no remorseless thoughts when he remembered the careless act of injustice of which he had been guilty? Like Ahasuerus, he could not sleep, for God troubled him.' and he resolved to make ample recompense for the wrong he had done. He concluded at first to send him a letter, and a handsome present, but the thought did not satisfy him; and he resolved to go himself, and see what he could do for his poor friend, that would most benefit him, and quiet his own conscience.

It was the fifth day of Willian Carter's sickness, and the physician said, that night would be the crisis; if he lived through it he might recover. He had then fallen into a lethargic sleep. His pale wife sat holding his hand and gazing anxiously on his sunken features and half shut eyes. The children with sad faces, and noiseless step, crept round the room. There was a rap at the door—it was opened, a gentleman entered. Mrs. Carter looked with surprise on her unexpected visitor. His dress and bearing, so different from those of their humble neighbors, at another time might have awed her, but that was no place to feel the paltry distinctions of human society. In the presence of that power before which the rich and the poor, and mighty and the weak alike bow, men feel that they are equals—that they are brothers. She arose and offered him a chair—He did not seem to notice her, but advanced to the bed, he gazed long and earnestly on the ashy features of the sufferer, while the tears chased one another down his cheeks; then turning away he threw himself into a chair and wept with uncontrolled emotion. This, as the reader may have guessed, was Mr. Carlton. He came into the neighborhood, and inquired for William Carter, and had been told of his sickness and its probable cause. The good woman where he stopped, had a warm heart, and a voluble tongue, and little suspecting who her auditor was, she had given full scope to her eloquence, in denouncing the man who suffered her poor neighbor to walk fifteen miles, and to return without even a dinner.

Mrs. Carter stood gazing in silent astonishment on her visitor, when he arose, and placing a heavy purse in her hand, said, 'Take this, and let no expense be spared for your husband's recovery. I will call again,' and before she had time to express her gratitude, or surprise, he was gone.

The next morning William was better. The crisis had passed the fever was gone, but he lay weak and helpless as a babe, and but for the many comforts which that purse procured, he might have died.

He grew stronger day by day, and at the end of a week he was sitting supported by pillows, in a large air-chair. Mrs. Carter approached the window and exclaimed, 'There comes the stranger who gave me the purse.'

A minute more and he entered the room. Approaching William he grasped his hand and said earnestly—

'Thank Heaven that you are alive—that you will live! If you had died I never could have forgiven myself. I have come to make you some atonement for injustice of which I was guilty;' and he placed a folded paper in his hand. 'There,' he continued, 'when you are able, read that. Do not thank me. It is no more than justice. The pocket-book was of great importance to me, and it has cost you dear.'

When the gentleman was gone, William opened the paper, and found it a deed made out to himself, of his old house and farm. There was dancing and shouting among the children; and in the hearts of the father and mother a deep and holy joy mingled with thankfulness, and trust in God.

I need not pursue my story further, nor tell of the happy reinstating in their former home, nor how in after days, William Carter often gathered his grand children around his knee, and told them of his bitter trial and temptations, and taught them, that they who put their trust in God are never forsaken.

The following letter of acceptance from Mr. Sumner, we find in yesterday's Boston papers:

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:

I have received by the hands of the secretary of the Commonwealth a certificate, that, by concurrent votes of the two branches of the Legislature, namely, by the Senate on the 22d day of January, and, by the House of Representatives, on the 24th day of April, I was duly elected, in conformity to the provisions of the Constitution and Laws of the United States, for the term of six years, commencing on the 4th day of March, 1851.

If I were to follow the customary course I should receive this in silence. But the protracted and unprecedented contest, which ended in my election; the interest it awakened; the importance universally conceded to it; the ardor of opposition, and the constancy of support which it aroused; also the principles, which, more than ever before among us, it brought into discussion, seem to justify, what my own feelings irresistibly prompt, a departure from this rule. If beyond these considerations, any apology be needed for thus directly addressing the Legislature, I may find it in the example of an illustrious predecessor, whose clear and venerable name will be a sufficient authority.

The trust conferred upon me is one of the most weighty which a citizen can receive. It concerns the grandest interests of our own Commonwealth, and also of the Union, whereof we are an indissoluble part. Like every post of eminent duty, it is a post of eminent honor. A personal ambition, such as I cannot confess, might be satisfied to possess it. But when I think of what it requires, I am obliged to say, that its honors are all eclipsed in my sight by its duties.

Your appointment finds me in a private station with which I am entirely cotent. But this is not all. For the first time in my life, I am now called to political office. With none of the experience, so amply possessed by others, to smooth the way to labor, I might well hesitate. But I am cheered by the generous confidence, which, throughout a lengthened contest, persevered in sustaining me, and by the conviction, that amidst all seeming differences of party, the sentiments, of which I am the known advocate, and which led to my original selection as a candidate, are dear to the hearts of a large majority of the people of this Commonwealth. I derive also a most grateful consciousness of personal independence from the circumstance, which I deem it frank and proper thus publicly to declare and place on record, that this office comes to me, unsought and undesired.

Acknowledging the right of my country to the service of her sons wherever they choose to place them, and with a heart full of gratitude that a sacred cause has been permitted to triumph through me, I now accept the post of Senator.

I accept it as the servant of Massachusetts, mindful of the sentiments solemnly uttered by her successive legislatures; of the genius which inspires her history; and of the men, her perpetual pride and ornament, who breathed into her that breath of Liberty, which early made her an example to her Sister States. In such a service the way, though new to my footsteps, will be illuminated by lights which cannot be missed.

I accept it as the servant of the Union, bound to study and maintain, with equal patriotic care, the interests of all parties of our country; to discountenance every effort to loosen any of those ties by which our fellowship of States is held in fraternal company; and to oppose all *sectionalism*, whether it appear in unconstitutional efforts by the North to carry so great a boon as Freedom into the slave States, or in unconstitutional efforts of the South, aided by Northern allies, to carry the *sectional* evil of slavery into the Free States, or in whatsoever efforts it may make to extend the *sectional* domination of Slavery over the National Government. With me the Union is twice blessed; first as the powerful guardian of the repose and happiness of thirty-one sovereign States, clasped by the endearing name of country; and next, as the model and beginning of that all embracing Federation of States, by which unity, peace and concord will finally be organized among the nations.—Nor do I believe it possible, whatever may be the delusion of the hour, that any part thereof can be permanently lost from its well compacted bulk. *E Pluribus Unum* is stamped upon the national coin, the national territory, and the national heart. Though composed of many parts united into one, the Union is separable only by a crash which shall destroy the whole.

Entering now upon the public service, I venture to bespeak for what I may do or say that candid judgment, which I trust always to extend to others, but I am well aware the prejudices of party too rarely concede. I may fail in ability; but not in sincere efforts to promote the general weal. In the conflicts of opinion, natural to the atmosphere of liberal institutions I may err; but I trust never to forget the prudence which should temper firmness, or the modesty which becomes the consciousness of right.

If I decline to recognize as my guides any of the men of to-day, I shall feel safe, while I follow the master principles which the Union was established to secure, and lean for support on the great triumvirate of American Freedom—Washington, Franklin and Jefferson. And since true politics are simply morals applied to public affairs, I shall find constant assistance from those everlasting rules of right and wrong, which are a law alike to individuals and communities; nay, which constrain the Omnipotent God in self-imposed bonds.

Let me borrow in conclusion the language of another: "I see my duty; that of standing "up for the liberty of my country; and what"ever difficulties and discouragements lie in "my way, I dare not shrink from it; and I rely "on that Being, who has not left to us the "choice of duties, that, whilst I shall conscien"tiously discharge mine, I shall not finally lose "my reward." These are the words of Washington, uttered in the early darkness of the American Revolution. The rule of duty is the same for the lowly and the great; and I hope it may not seem presumptious in one so humble as myself to adopt his determination, and to avow his confidence.

I have the honor to be, fellow-citizens,
With sincere regard,
Your faithful friend and servant,
CHARLES SUMNER.
Boston, May 14, 1851.

Tour of President Fillmore and Cabinet.

President FILLMORE with a portion of his Cabinet, Messrs. WEBSTER, CRITTENDEN GRAHAM and HALL, left Washington on Monday the 12th inst., on an excursion to Dunkirk, on Lake Erie, to be present at the opening of one of the most magnificent and important Public Works of the age, the NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD. We are glad to see the Head of this Confederacy thus exhibiting a personal and official interest in Works of Internal Improvement. President FILLMORE represents the true spirit and genuis of our Institutions, and is worthily and appropriately engaged, when he patronizes and encourages the Arts of Peace. Star.

We take from the Boston papers of yesterday accounts of the President's progress Northwards, which we are sure will be interesting to our readers.

TOUR OF THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET.—Philadelphia, May 12th.—The President and his Cabinet have had one of the most enthusiastic receptions here ever known in Philadelphia. At this moment, in front of their headquarters, the United States Hotel, there are at least ten thousand persons gathered. It is, indeed, one of the greatest popular demonstrations of the kind I have ever seen.

Cheers upon cheers were given for "Fillmore," "Fillmore," "Fillmore," and a speech from "Fillmore," the people would have, whether or no. The President could not but comply with so pressing and spontaneous an invitation, and so he came forward on the balcony and made a short address, neat, appropriate, and eloquent, which was received with reiterated applause. The President thanked his fellow-citizens, he said, for the flattering compliment they had paid him, and concluded with a warm eulogium of Philadelphia as a city, firm and steadfast in her love for and adherence to the Union.

After Mr. Fillmore came Mr. Webster; and I wish you could have been near Philadelphia to see what a welcome the people had been keeping in reserve for the great statesman. Their applause was so long, so loud, and so deafening, that we thought you in New York must have caught its echo. After returning thanks for the kindly feelings with which he had been received, Mr. W. went on in glowing terms to speak of the venerable Hall of Independence, hallowed by the sacred memories of the past, and passed on to a general glance at the present state of public feeling North and South; closing with an eloquent outburst of patriotic sentiment in favor of the Union,—the Union now and for all time, against any and all odds, against traitors within and enemies from without. (Great cheering.)

The President, Cabinet and City Councils are dining at the City Hotel.

THE PRESIDENT IN NEW YORK, &c.—*New York, May 13th.*—The President, on his way from Philadelphia to New York, met an enthusiastic reception at Bordentown, and South Amboy. At the latter place he was met by the New York Committee, and escorted on his way up. Salutes were fired by the various forts in the harbor, and also from revenue cutter lying off the Battery. Upon landing, the President Mr. Webster, and Mr. Crittenden, spoke a few words, which were most enthusiastically received. The military was then reviewed on the Battery, and the line of March commenced.—As the President proceeded, he was greeted with loud huzzas. Mr. Webster and the other members of the Cabinet were also repeatedly cheered.

It is said that Mr. Webster, during his visit North, will speak on the great topics of the day.

The Willis and Forrest case has been adjourned till the 5th of June next.

The steamship Empire City and North America sailed this afternoon for Chagres, with about 500 passengers.

Second Despatch, 11 *P. M.*—A heavy thunderstorm is prevailing, which has deranged all the line southwest of this point.

The reception of the President and Cabinet to-day has been most enthusiastic. During the procession, the carriage containing the distinguished guests was frequently so crowded upon that it was necessary to stop. When this was done, the cheering was immense, particularly that for Mr. Webster, who acknowledged the compliment by rising and bowing his thanks. The procession, at about 6 o'clock, halted at the Park and dispersed. The President proceeded to the Irving, and Mr. Webster to the Astor House. Rockets have ascended from the latter building during the entire evening, which has been thronged with the friends of the great statesman. The company will leave in the morning for Piermont.

The President's Tour.

The New York papers are filled with details of the magnificent reception given in that City to President FILLMORE and his Cabinet, on the 13th (Tuesday last). It was evidently one of the most gorgeous and enthusiastic affairs that ever occurred in the great City.

The distinguished visitors are the special guests of the President and Directors of the New York and Erie Railroad Company, on whose invitation they left Washington to witness and participate in the ceremonies attending the completion of that noble enterprise. In reply to the welcome of Mr. LEUPP, one of the Directors, the President made the following brief but felicitous and appropriate speech:—

I beg to return you, sir, and the Committee of Arrangements my thanks, and through you to the Directors of the Erie Railroad Company, for the very cordial welcome you have given me and my associates. I assure you, that we appreciate fully the great enterprise you have now so happily completed. I know full well the difficulties under which you have labored in the accomplishment of this important work, and it is due to you, as the representative of the Board of Directors, that the chief officers of the nation should recognise it. It is the most costly and the greatest work of the kind on this continent, and in the world, with but one exception. You say that it connects the great lakes with the ocean; yes, sir, and it connects the several States of this great Union. I need not say that I feel proud of an achievement in my native State, which adds dignity, and glory, and strength to the whole county: (Loud cheers.)

At Castle Garden, the President and Cabinet were received and welcomed by Mayor KINGSLAND, and an immense concourse of citizens and a large Military display. The following are the beautiful address and the equally beautiful response of the Mayor and the President

SPEECH OF THE MAYOR.

Mr. President:—I shall ever consider it one of the most acceptable honors of my office, that by my occupancy of it, at this time, it becomes my pleasing duty and my high privilege to be the first person to welcome you home to your native State, in the first hour when you tread its soil as President of the United States. It is not many months (I believe it is hardly a year) since you were last on New York ground.—You left, then, not as a private citizen, but in an honorable office—an office second to but one in America. By the act of God, in removing a venerable patriot and hero,—whose death you, as well as we and the whole nation, yet lament,—you have since been elevated from that second station to the highest in the government of the United States. We, your fellow-citizens of New York, proud of your elevation, and cordially approving of your conduct in it, now meet you here, on your first return, to give you a glad and hearty "welcome home." And with you we joyfully welcome the illustrious members of that able administration with which you have surrounded yourself, among whom we recognise the eloquent defender of the constitution, the glory and boast of the nation. New York this day opens to you a new route from the ocean to the lakes. (Cheers.)

The Mayor then took the hand of the President, and said:—

"Fellow-citizens! The President of the United States!"

Loud and enthusiastic cheering followed this introduction of President Fillmore to the assembled multitude.

The President replied as follows:—

SPEECH OF THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Mayor, and fellow citizens:—I have neither the voice nor the language to express the grateful emotions of my heart for this cordial reception of the citizens of my native State. If, this be a day on which you have reason to congratulate yourselves, how much more reason have I to do so, the guest of a city which is the grand emporium of the Union, whose commerce whitens every sea, and which is now connected with the last link of the West. (Great cheering.) I congratulate you, fellow citizens, that we now stand on consecrated ground—Here, in this city, the immortal Washington took his first oath to support the constitution of the United States; here the first Congress assembled, and here I see the same city, and patriotism, as bright and as brilliant as they were on that auspicious day. (Great applause.) If I could, for a moment, appropriate these honors to to myself, I should feel overwhelmed by my feelings; but I know it is not intended for me.

VOICES—Yes. Yes.

I know that this exhibition of feeling and patriotism is only an evidence of your devotion to your country, and of your loyalty to the Union. (Great applause.) Mr. Mayor, you have done the noble spirits, with whom I am associated, no more than justice, in attributing to them all that I have been able to accomplish for the benefit of our common country; and, sir, I beg leave to return to you, and through you to the citizens of this great city, my most grateful thanks for the kind assistance which they gave us under the most trying circumstances—at all times true to themselves, true to the constitution, and true to the country. I again return you, and them, my most grateful acknowledgments.

Mr. WEBSTER and Mr. CRITTENDEN were vociferously cheered, and each made a short but eloquent speech, and the exciting ceremonies were continued at the City Hall and concluded by a superb Dinner at the Irving House.

The President and Cabinet left New York, on Wednesday morning (14th) for Dunkirk on Lake Erie.

Arrival of the Cambria.

Further Decline in Cotton

HALIFAX TELEGRAPH OFFICE, }
Tuesday Evening, May 13th. }

The British mail steamship Cambria arrived at her dock this evening at 7 o'clock. She has 30 passengers, one half for Boston and 10 for this place. She brings $500 in specie.

Passed the steamship Africa, off Holyhead, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M., on the 3d inst.

The British and continental news generally is unimportant.

The all-absorbing topic in England is the great National Exhibition opened by her Majesty on May day, in presence of thirty thousand persons, without disorder or accident.

On the 2d, the Russell ministry were defeated on a motion by Mr. Hume, to confine the operation of the property tax and bill to one year.

The Jewish disabilities bill was read a second time.

Emigration from England and Ireland continues unabated.

All danger of a ministerial crisis in Paris is over, and the old story is current that Louis Napoleon is making great efforts to prolong his term of office.

The Portugese insurrection has subsided.

Austria and Russia have demanded of the Sultan that he restrain Kossuth and his fellow patriots for two years longer. The Sultan is inclined to refuse and throw himself on the protection of England and France.

Nothing new from Germany,
Indian mails not arrived.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS.—Corning, May 15th.—The President and suite arrived here at about 8 o'clock this morning, and received a warm reception. The trains stopped only fifteen minutes. President Fillmore and Mr. Webster made brief speeches; Mr. Seward commenced a speech, but the train starting, he was obliged to leave off. The people have crowded here for miles around.

DUNKIRK, May 13th.—Immense crowds are collected here, awaiting the arrival of the President and suite. Steamers continue to arrive overflowing with passengers. Governor Hunt and the Common Council of Buffalo, are expected momentarily.

Second Despatch.—there is an immense rush here, awaiting the arrival of the President and suite. Steamers have been arriving during the day, and we have now ten in the harbor, all dressed in the gayest colors. The reception will be highly gratifying. It is estimated that nearly 5000 persons will partake of the collation dinner.—*Tel. to Boston Papers.*

The enlarged CHAMBLY CANAL was opened to-day, and business between the Western Country and Lake Champlain may be said to be fairly commenced.

☞We add that we hope our Shippers will deem it useful and instructive to furnish us, hereafter, with daily lists of the Arrivals and Departures from the Port of Burlington.